[DOD (John)?] An Extemporary Sermon upon Malt. Preached by a Real Sober Divine, (out of a Hollow Tree) by Compulsion of some Drunkards. Occasioned thus: Certain young Men returning from a Merry Meeting, at an Ale-house, met in the Open Fields, their Pastor; who had lately Preach'd a Bitter Sermon against Drunkards, and among other Expressions, called them Malt-Worms: Wherefore they compell'd him to Preach, and his Text should be only the Word Malt; who yielding to their Outragious Temper and Demand, began his Sermon, in manner following. 4°. Two leaves [16—].

Dod preached strongly at Cambridge against drinking. One day, passing through the woods, he was met by some of the students, who set him in a hollow tree, and said they would not let him go until he had preached a sermon on a text of their choosing. They gave him the word "Malt" for his text, and on this he preached, beginning "I am a little man, come at a short Warning, to preach a brief Sermon, upon a small tho' strong Subject, to a Thin Congregation, out of an unworthy Pulpit."

Presumably the First Edition of this famous "sermon," certainly much earlier than the single sheet in the B.M., the date of which is given in the catalogue as [1685?]. The text differs considerably from the single sheet, and also from the three MS. versions printed by John Taylor, in his *Memorials of the Rev. John Dod* (Northampton, 1875), who does not mention this edition.

At the end is a poem of 16 lines, beginning:—

Parent of Vices Drunkenness thou art,
Under thy wings they' all protection find
For he that is to Drunkenness inclin'd,
Will in no sin refuse to bear a part.

A N

EXTEMPORARY SERMON

UPON

M A L T,

Preached by a Real Sober Divine, (out of a Hollow Tree) by Compulſion of ſome Drunkards.

Occaſioned thus;

Certain Young Men returning from a Merry Meeting, at an Ale-houſe, met in the Open Fields, their Paſtor; who had lately Preach'd a Bitter Sermon againſt Drunkards, and among other Expreſſions, called them *Malt-Worms:* Wherefore they compell'd him to Preach, and his Text ſhould be only the Word *MALT*; who yeilding to their Outragious Temper and Demand, began his Sermon, in manner following.

The WRITER to the READER.

Courteous Reader.

The following Sermon having come accidentally to my Hand, and finding it to be of wholſome Doctrine and Pious Exhortations, I was loath to hide ſuch a Talent in a Napkin; *but rather thought fit to publiſh it for the Publick Good, craving for my Labour a Favourable Reception and Remembrance.*

Qui me deridit, non ſua facta videt.

Thou'rt Living now into a World of Sin,
Where *Satan* ſtie is ſtill preparing Snares.
Oh! then, beware of his Deceitful Gin.
Leſt he by Slight ſurprize the[e] unawares.
No Time, no Calling, Sex, or [A]ge, is free;
No Place, or Station. [B]ut *Satan* ſeeks to ſtain.
And ah! alas! too p[r]e[v]alent is he.
Watch, wat[c]h, and pray, that pure thou may'ſt remain.

I Am a litt[l]e Man, come at a ſhort Warning, to preach a br[i]ef Ser[m]on, upon a ſmall tho' ſtrong Subject, to a Thi[n] Congregation, out of an unworthy Pulpit:

However I proceed; Beloved, my Text is MALT.

There is no Preaching without Diviſion, yet I find this Text cannot be divided into Parts, nor can I divide it into Sentences; Becauſe it is upon the whole Matter none, nor into words, it being but one, neither into Syllables, becauſe it is but a Monuſlylable, wherefore as Neceſſity inforces me I muſt divide it into Letters, which I find in my Text to be Four. To wit, MALT.

Theſe Letters Repreſent four Interpretations, which Divines uſe thus,

M. (My Beloved) is Moral.
A is Allegorical.
L is Literal.
T is Tyelogical.

The Moral Interpretation is well ſet forth, to teach you Drunkards and Boiſterous Men, ſome good Manners, at leaſt in procuring your attention to the Sermon. Therefore, M. My Maſtees.
A. All of you
L. Liſten to my
T. Text.

The Allegoricall is where there is one thing ſpoken and another thing meant, the thing ſpoken is MALT, and the thing meant, is the Oyl of MALT; ſtrong Beer which you Drunkards make your only pleaſure, and only to you Drunkards is ſo precious, that you account it to be M Meat
A Aparrel.
L Liberty.
T Treaſure.

The Literal Senſe is, as it hath been often heard of heretofore; So it is true according to the Letters.

M Much
A Ale
L Little
T Thriſt.

The Theological, is according to the Effects it works,

which I find in my Text to be of two ſorts, firſt in this World. Secondly, in the World to come.

The effects which it works in this World are Four according to the Letters.

M Murder in ſome
A. Adultery in others.
L. Louſe Living in ſome.
T. Treaſon in others.

And the effect which hereafter follows in the World to come, are alſo for to wit.

M. Miſery.
A. Anguiſh.
L. Lamentation.
T. Trouble or Terrour.

I ſhall now come to an uſe of Exhortation, and withall to perſwade you Drunkards and Boiſterous Men to Amend, that ſo you may eſcape the danger whereunto you are like to fall.

But I have no hopes to prevail, becauſe I plainly ſee and find my Text as plainly tells me, that it is M. to A, That is

M. or a Thouſand Merks to Pot of
A. Ale.

You will never mend, becauſe all Drunkards are commonly
L. Lewd Livers.
T. Thieves or Thriftleſs.

But yet for Diſcharging of my Duty and Conſcience, both toward GOD and you my Pariſhoners, I ſhall add another Uſe of Exhortation.

M My Maſters
A All of you
L Leave off your
T Tippling.

Or otherwiſe for Commination of Threatning,

M My Maſters
A All of you
L Look for
T Treror or Torment eternally.

And ſo much for this Time and Text, only by way of Caution, take and Remember your own ſeveral Properties, which are briefly Twelve.

1. A Drunkard is th' Annoyance of all Modeſty.
2. The Troubler of Civility
3. The ſpoil of Wealth
4. The Deſtruction of Reaſon
5. The Brew-Houſe's Agent
6. The AleHouſe' sBeneſactor
7. The Conſtable's Trouble.
8. His Wifes Woe
9. His Childrens Sorrow
10. His own ſhame
11. A Monſter of a Beaſt.
12. A Monſter of a Man

But the Ale wrought ſo well in the Towns Mens Brains that they were between Hauk and Buzzard, that is nearer ſleeping than waking; which the Paſtor perceiving, left them to take their Napp, and after they awak'd, returned again to the Ale-Houſe like the Dog to the Vomit, or the Sow to the wallowing in the Myre, and inſtead of their Repentance rejoiced in their Wickedneſs; Wherefore they are deſired to conſider and ſing the Verſes following,

Do not in Drunk'neſs thy means and ſubſtance waſte,
For that will Soul and Body both quite ruine at the laſt.
Refrain that Beaſtly Sin, keep from bad Company,
For thoſe that do delight therein will come to Poverty.

Parent of Vices Drunkenneſs thou art,
Under thy wings they all Protection find.
For he that is to Drunkeneſs inclin'd,
Will in no ſin refuſe to bear a part.
Drunkards, inſtead of going to th' Houſe of Prav'r,
They range the Groves and Willows here and there,
Having ſmall Veneration for GOD's day,
Except it be to frolick, ſport and play.
In Taverns, Ale-Houſes overflowing Boulls
Feaſting their Bodies to deſtroy their Souls.
Theſe Souls for which our bleſt Redeemer dy'd,
That after Death they might be glorify'd.
Thus, in a Scene and Noiſe and ſtrife,
They waſt the precious Hours of Life.
Till Death ſhall let the Curtain Drop,
And then their Game of Folly is up.

Juſſa Dei ſunt, hæc beneſac, mala ſpreta relinque,
Nam ebrietas frangit quinquid ſapientia tangit
Si ſapiens fore, vis ſex ſerva quæ tibi mando,
Quid loqueris, & ubi de quo cur quomodo, quando.

FINIS.

Fun

Collation

Author

Call no.